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Tip

Connect the clues or ideas from the selection to figure out the best answer.

Directions: Answer the questions.**1. Why was radio first invented?**

- A** to send sound waves
- B** for communication
- C** to teach others to play the violin
- D** to give families time together

2. Why are radios still important today?

- A** to listen to news and music
- B** to help soldiers communicate
- C** to listen to soap operas
- D** to signal ships at sea

3. Why do many families today have more than one radio?

- A** to listen to radio ads
- B** because they want to honor Guglielmo Marconi
- C** because they like different music or radio programs
- D** to use electricity

4. What problem did radio stations face when television appeared? How did radio stations try to solve the problem?**5. What do you think the future of radio and television will be?**

Write two paragraphs and include details from the selection in your response.

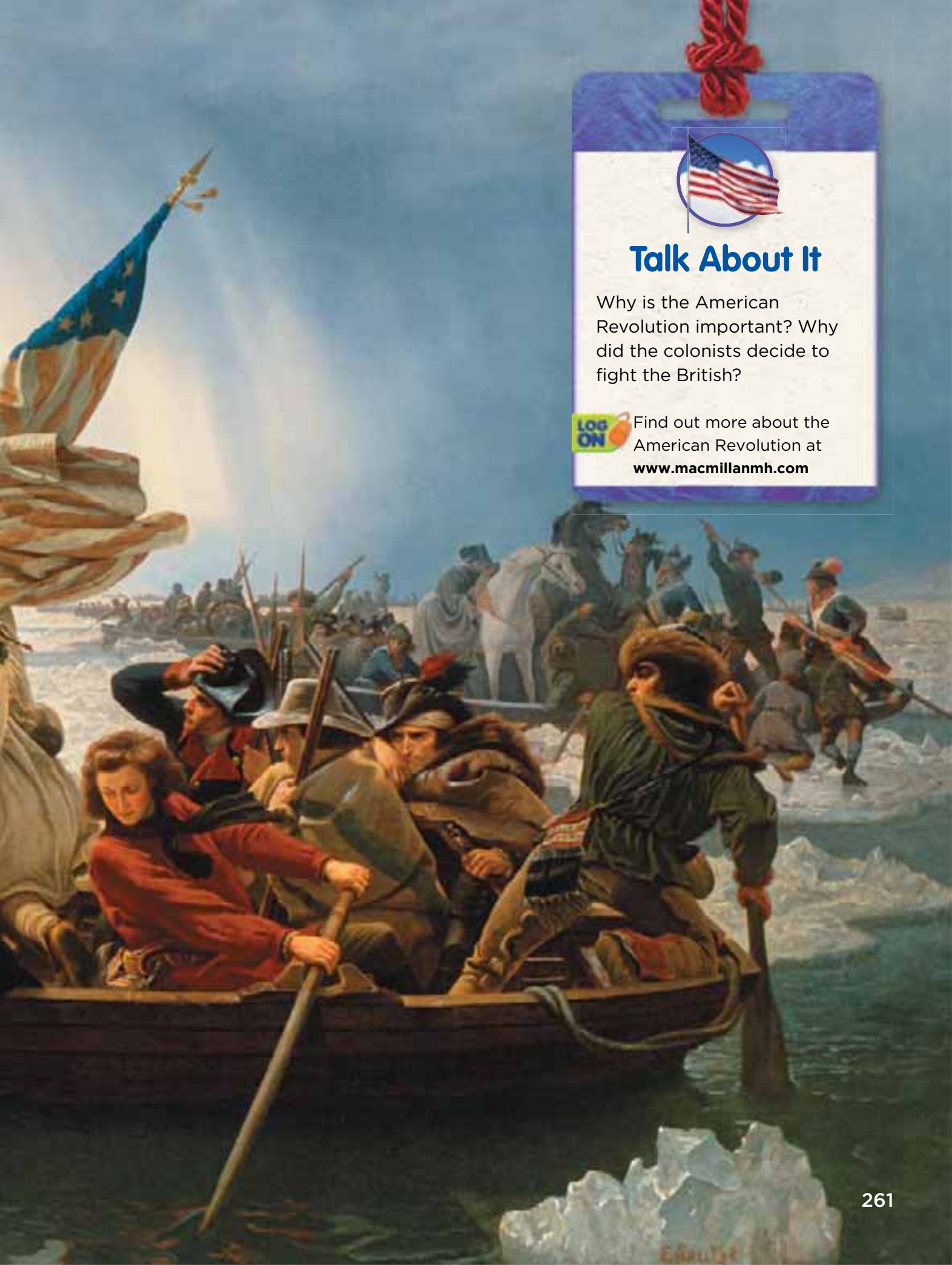
Writing Prompt

Your favorite radio station is going off the air. Write an essay to persuade people to listen to the station. Use reasons to support your opinion.



THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION





Talk About It

Why is the American Revolution important? Why did the colonists decide to fight the British?



Find out more about the American Revolution at www.macmillanmh.com

Vocabulary

navigation	tyrant
instruct	stark
swagger	governor
patriots	spunk



Word Families

Knowing about **Word Families** can increase your vocabulary. A prefix or suffix added to a base word can change its meaning. For example, *unpatriotic* and *patriotism* have *patriot* as a base word but each word means something different.



Letters from the Revolution

by Aryeh Gross

London, England
July 1, 1772

Dear Richard,

We were shocked to hear about the British ship, the *Gaspee* that sank off the coast of Rhode Island. Is it close to where you live? Do you know anyone who was aboard? It is hard to believe that the *Gaspee* was sunk by the tricky **navigation** of a colonist's boat. This smaller boat was able to steer the *Gaspee* into some hidden rocks. Then it quickly turned to attack the sinking ship.

Who would be bold enough to **instruct** the colonists to act like this? It could only be their rebel leader. I have heard that he walks with a **swagger** and is too proud for his own good. They are hiding him and calling him one of the best **patriots** because he loves Rhode Island more than England. It is not good that so many colonists have turned against King George. We should all be his loyal subjects. Please come home to England.

Sincerely,

Thomas

Rhode Island

September 10, 1772

Dear Thomas,

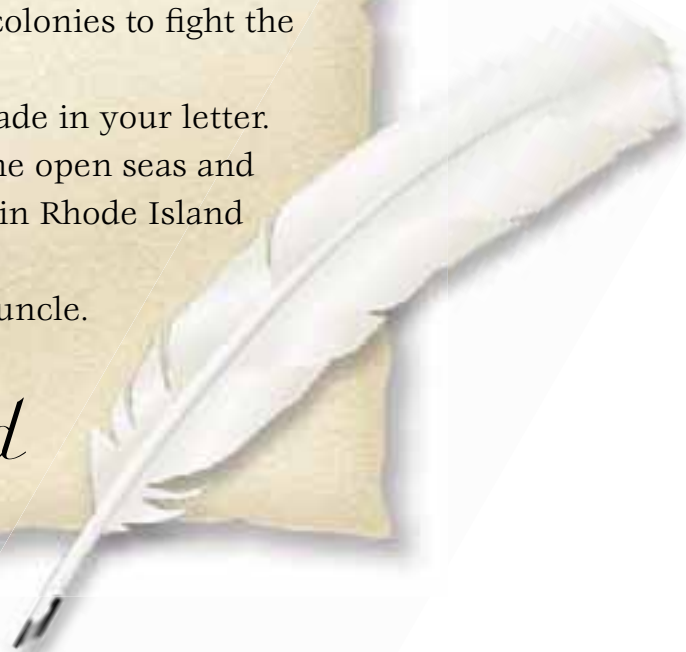
Thank you for your letter, but you are wrong about the *Gaspee*. The British commander in the colonies was a cruel **tyrant** who ruled as he pleased. People who once had plenty of food stored in their homes now have cupboards that are **stark** and bare. When our leader, the **governor** of Rhode Island complained, the British commander paid no attention. The colonists took matters into their own hands. I think it shows **spunk** and courage for our small colonies to fight the mighty England.

I disagree with the comments you made in your letter. We do take pride in our act of revolt on the open seas and against England. This is patriotism. I am in Rhode Island to stay.

My best wishes to you, my aunt and uncle.

Yours truly,

Richard



Reread for Comprehension



Make Inferences and Analyze

Draw Conclusions

To draw conclusions, you make inferences about two or more pieces of information from a story and arrive at a new understanding of a character or event. A Conclusions Chart can help you use information in the story to draw a conclusion. Use your Conclusions Chart as you reread the selection.

Text Clues	Conclusion

Comprehension

Genre

Historical Fiction tells a story in which fictional characters take part in actual historical events with real people from the past.



Make Inferences and Analyze

Draw Conclusions

As you read, use your Conclusion Chart.

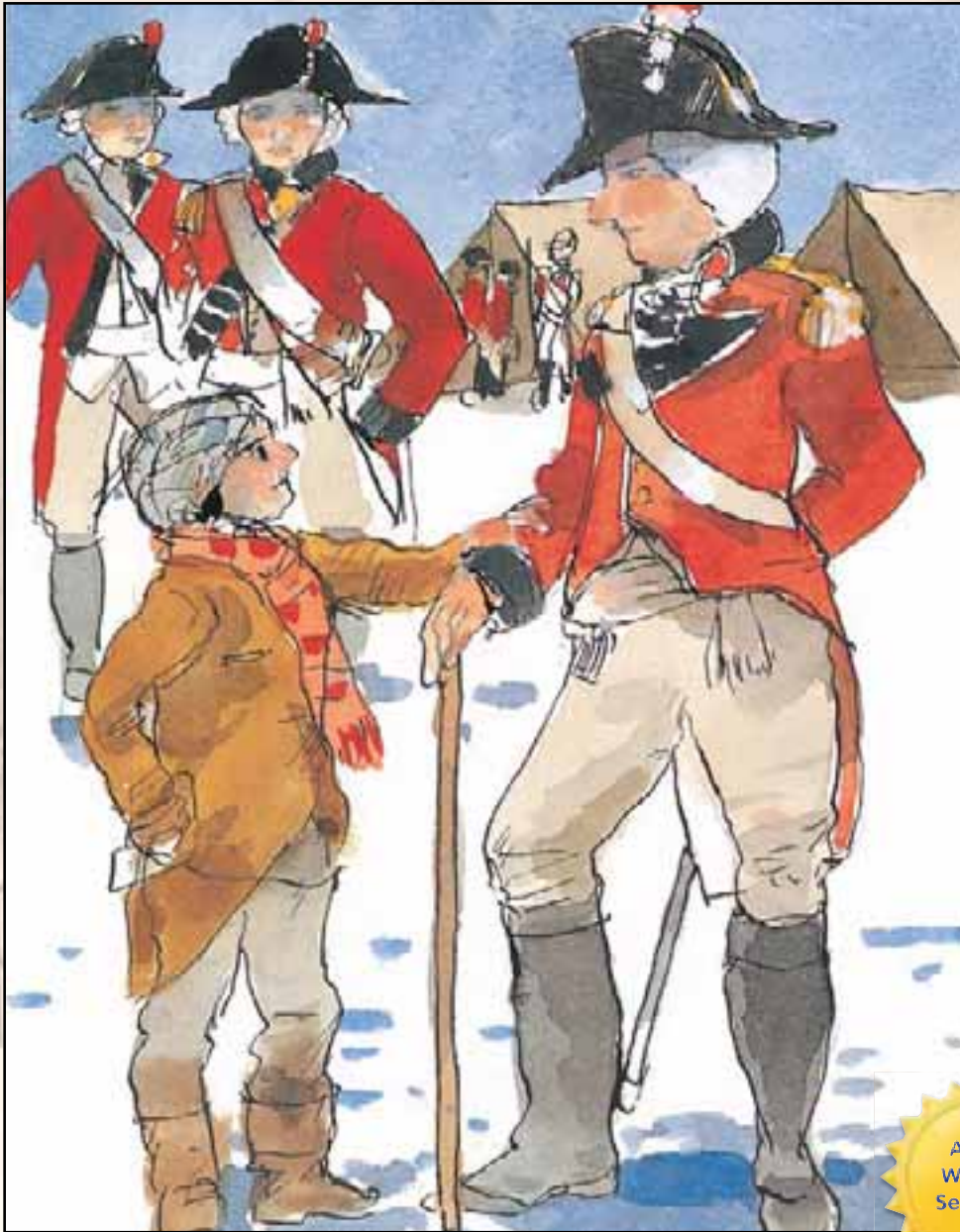
Text Clues	Conclusion

Read to Find Out

What was it like to be a child in Boston at the time of the Revolutionary War?

SLEDS *on* BOSTON COMMON

A Story from the American Revolution



Award
Winning
Selection

written by LOUISE BORDEN
illustrated by ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

In December of 1774, times were hard for all of us in Boston. Few good folk had coins to spare when they walked past the window of my father's shop on King Street . . . the best place to buy English and Dutch toys, spectacles, flutes, or the maps that my father drew with his own hand.

Sometimes he let me color the maps with his paints and his pens. "In a few years, Henry, your steady hand will be better than mine." That's what my father, William Price, said.

Months ago, on the first day of June, the British closed our harbor

By order of the King of England, George III.

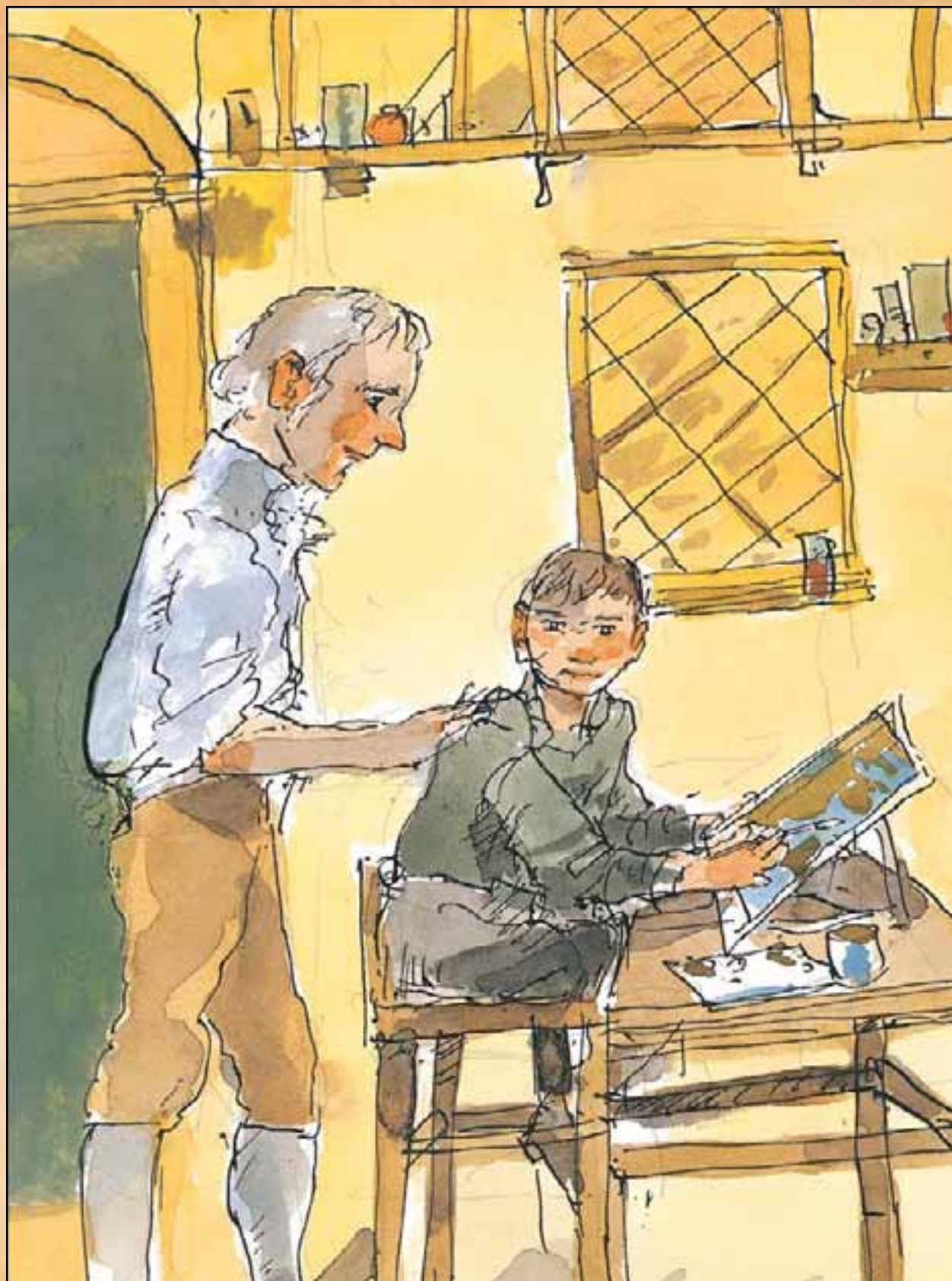
King George wanted to punish those in Boston who spoke against his laws that were made across the sea: **patriots** like Sam Adams and John Hancock and other town leaders . . . and patriots like my father and my friends' fathers . . . All over Boston, south and north, people were not happy with King George III.

Or with our new royal **governor**, General Thomas Gage. General Gage was King George's top general, the commander of every British soldier in North America. Since May, he had lived in one of the biggest, tallest houses in all of Boston. Whenever my brothers and I walked to school, we passed by the redbrick front of Province House. I always looked up at the weather vane high on the cupola: a gold Indian archer that shone in the sun. Thomas Gage was a powerful man indeed.



Draw Conclusions

Why would the closing of Boston Harbor lead to hard times for the people of Boston?

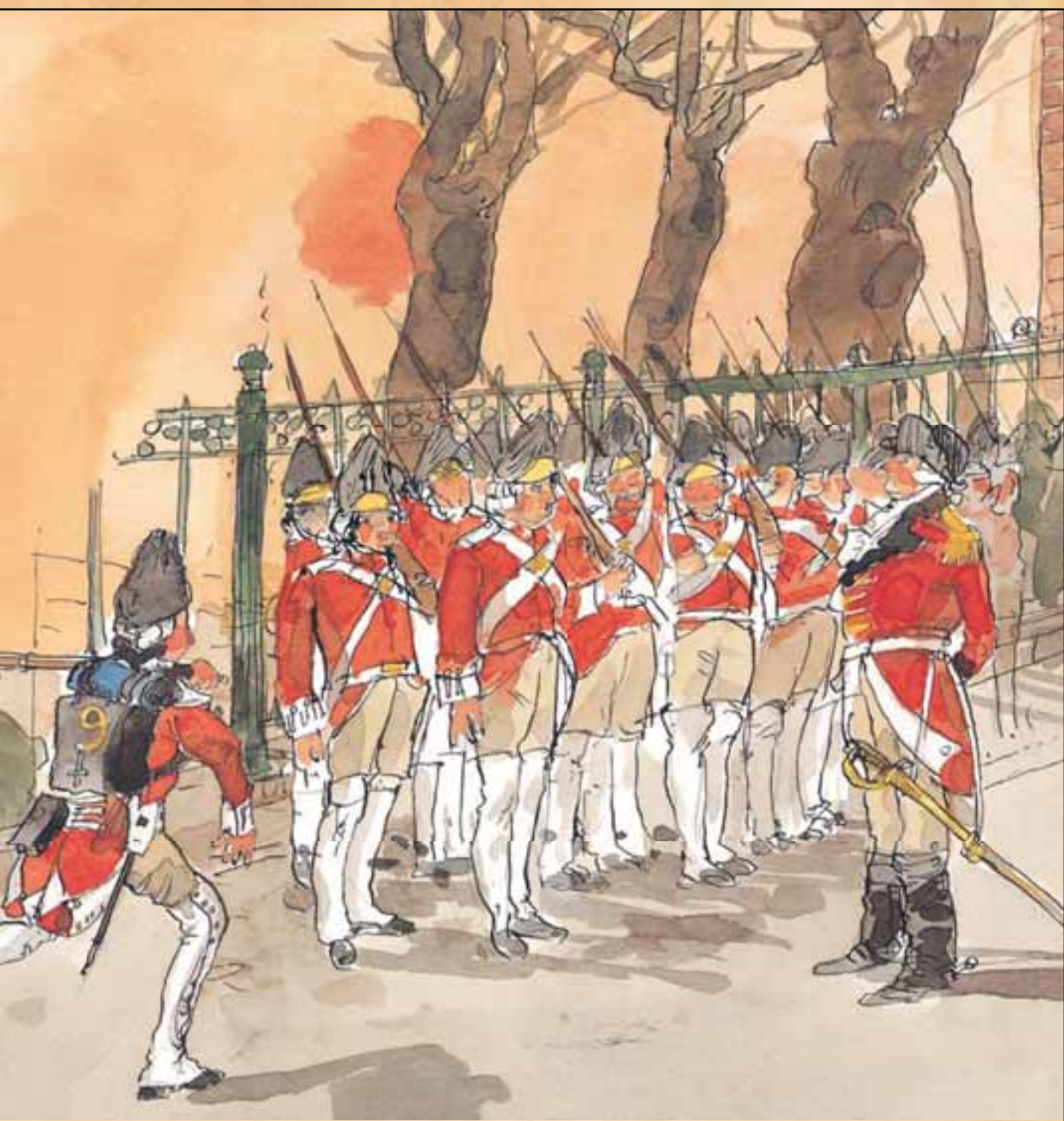


On the day he closed our harbor, church bells rang in every colony in America. Other patriots in other towns said: "We will stand beside Boston in these hard times. We are all Americans together."

Now only the king's ships could enter or leave our harbor. And so there was no trade. There was little work for the men on Long Wharf, once the busiest dock in New England, filled with the tall masts of ships that had sailed to China and to Spain, to the West Indies and back. Now there was only the salt smell of the sea and the cry of gulls in an empty port.

Every day, there were more and more of the king's soldiers marching on Boston Common. Or walking with a **swagger** in their bright red coats along the streets of our town. Or cutting down our fences and our trees for their firewood. King George wanted General Gage to make sure that we kept his new laws and that we paid our taxes to England. Every penny. My father said that by now there was one British soldier for every five of us in Boston. People called them "lobster backs" because of their coats. Most of us didn't like General Gage's troops in our town. Most of them didn't like us either.





But King George's laws hadn't closed the South Writing School on West Street. No one had told our schoolmaster, Mr. Andrews, to stay home and not teach. So my brothers, Colin and Ben, and I still had to study our lessons each day: first reading, then writing, then arithmetic and **navigation**.

One thing His Majesty King George couldn't stop was the winter snow in the colony of Massachusetts.

After days of hard frost and ice, the snow fell for three nights in a row, fine and thick.

Then, on my ninth birthday, the gray clouds blew out to sea, and the sun shone above the steeples of our town.

It was the best kind of New England day: a day for coasting on Boston Common for any boy or girl who had a sled. And now I had my very own. It was small but it was mine, made by my father's strong, steady hands, with slick beef bones for runners and a wood plank seat . . . a present to me at breakfast in a year of hard times.

That morning at school, we practiced our handwriting in our copybooks. I had written the day's date five times for Mr. Andrews:

22 December, 1774

Then, just before noon, I tucked my copybook, pen, and ink pot under the back bench of our schoolroom. I grabbed my wool coat from a high hook. Other students at the South Writing School tramped home through the snow for hot bean porridge. But not Colin or Ben or I. We had brought our sleds to school. Our sister, Kate, was waiting for us outside the school door with three slabs of corn bread and apple jam. Some girls were afraid to go to the Common because of General Gage's troops. But my sister loved to sled ride.



We had to hurry. Mr. Andrews would expect all boys back for lessons at two o'clock sharp.

We pulled our sleds along the icy ruts of West Street. The December wind was cold, and I was glad to be wearing Kate's old mittens and Ben's patched leather boots.

We crossed to the Common, a wide, hilly field with fine new snow and a frame of blue sky. We hurried on past the **stark** row of lime trees that John Hancock had given as a gift to the town . . . and past the town's Wishing Stone, but we had no time to stop and wish that King George would change his harsh laws.

For over a hundred years the Common had belonged to *everyone* in Boston. Now it was covered by the barracks of General Gage's troops. And they were everywhere, these troops, officers and soldiers, drummers and cooks. Three thousand of them, here on Boston Common, setting up their tents, carrying letters and orders, polishing boots and bayonets, drilling, marching.

Everywhere across the Common, my brothers and Kate and I heard the shouted orders of officers and the constant *tramp-tramp* of British boots.

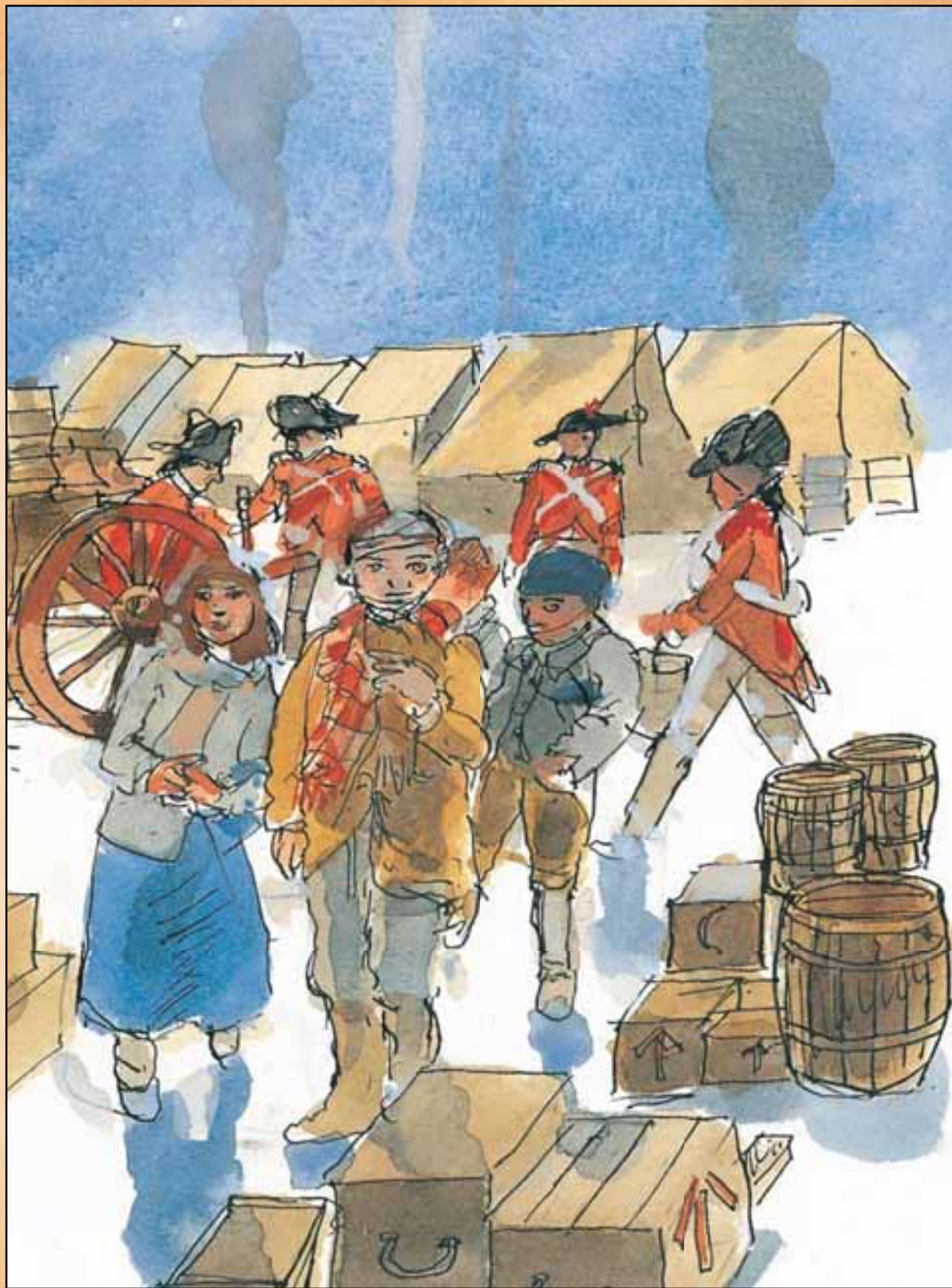
Our father had told us to listen with our eyes and with our ears every time we went to the Common. "Look sharp but don't look like you're looking." Every patriot who thought King George was wrong helped out the Sons of Liberty* in his own small way.

Suddenly, I stopped and pulled on Colin's sleeve. Some of General Gage's soldiers had placed their tents and their cooking fires right in the middle of our sled runs. They had broken the ice on the Common's ponds so no one could skate. And they had knocked down the snow forts the town boys had worked yesterday to build.

We were steaming mad, all four of us. This was *our* Common. These were *our* ponds to skate on. And there were no better hills to sled on anywhere in Boston. It seemed as if the British troops had made it *their* Common.

Now there was no open run to sled on. So instead, we walked among the barracks, and listened with our eyes and with our ears. Ben began to count new sheds and tents and horses. Kate and I counted kegs of powder and barrels of fish. Colin counted officers.

* A group of local Boston patriots who opposed the actions of the British. They often met in secret to discuss plans for independence.



Kate and I saw General Gage. He was right there in front of us, almost close enough to touch. He looked like a general, and he stood like a general.

But he didn't look mean. Not like a **tyrant** who would close our harbor. Not like a bully for King George. And not like an old woman, as some Boston newspapers called him. He had slate-blue eyes and was speaking kindly to his soldiers who were setting up a tent. General Gage looked like a man who would listen, a good man, a man like my father.

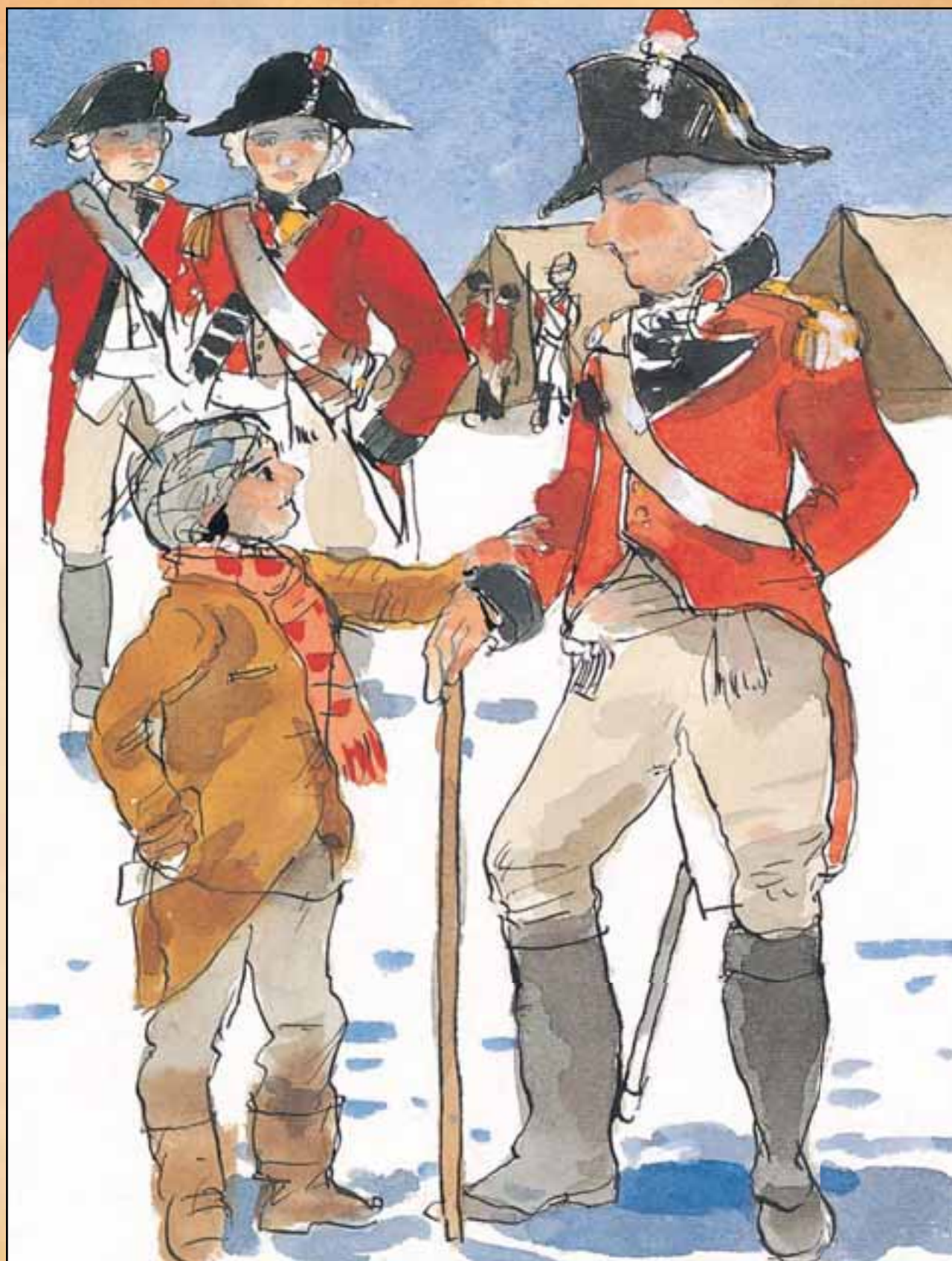
If I could just speak to General Gage for a few minutes, maybe he would help us. Maybe he would let us sled on our Common. But I was just a town boy. General Gage was the royal governor. I'd have to be as brave as the Boston patriots who told the king of England that his taxes were not fair.

I held on to my sled tightly and took a deep breath. "Hurry," I whispered to Kate. "Go find Colin and Ben. We're going to talk to General Gage."

And so we did, right there in the middle of the Common, with British soldiers all about us.

I walked up to General Gage, tugged hard on his scarlet sleeve, and asked if he would hear a town boy's complaint. Some of his officers glared at me sternly and began to order us away. But the tall general turned and held up his hand to still them. Then he said, "Let this boy have his words."

And so I talked. And General Gage listened.



I told him that the Boston Common belonged to all of us, not just his soldiers. I told him his troops had knocked down our snow forts, and ruined our ponds for skating, and that they had built their cook fires in the middle of the best sled runs.

Then, with Colin and Ben and Kate right beside me, I said: "And it's my birthday, sir, and I wish to use my new sled on the steepest hill in our town. But I can't, you see, because of your men. And we have to be back at our school by two o'clock for our lessons."

General Gage crossed his arms and looked out across the snowy Common. His officers stood nearby with stony faces. No one spoke a word.

Then the general put his hand on my shoulder. He told me I had a fine sled and asked who had made it. "My father," I said proudly.

He leaned down to inspect the other sleds. Then he stood up and said in a general's voice: "I'm a father as well as a soldier for my king . . . I have sons, and daughters, too," he added, nodding at Kate. "And I know my own children would like to sled this hill if they were here. But they're back in England in school."

Then General Gage asked me my name. "Henry, sir," I said, standing as tall as I could. "Henry Price."

"Henry." The general nodded. "That's a good name, indeed." He shook my hand, man to man. "My oldest son is named Henry."

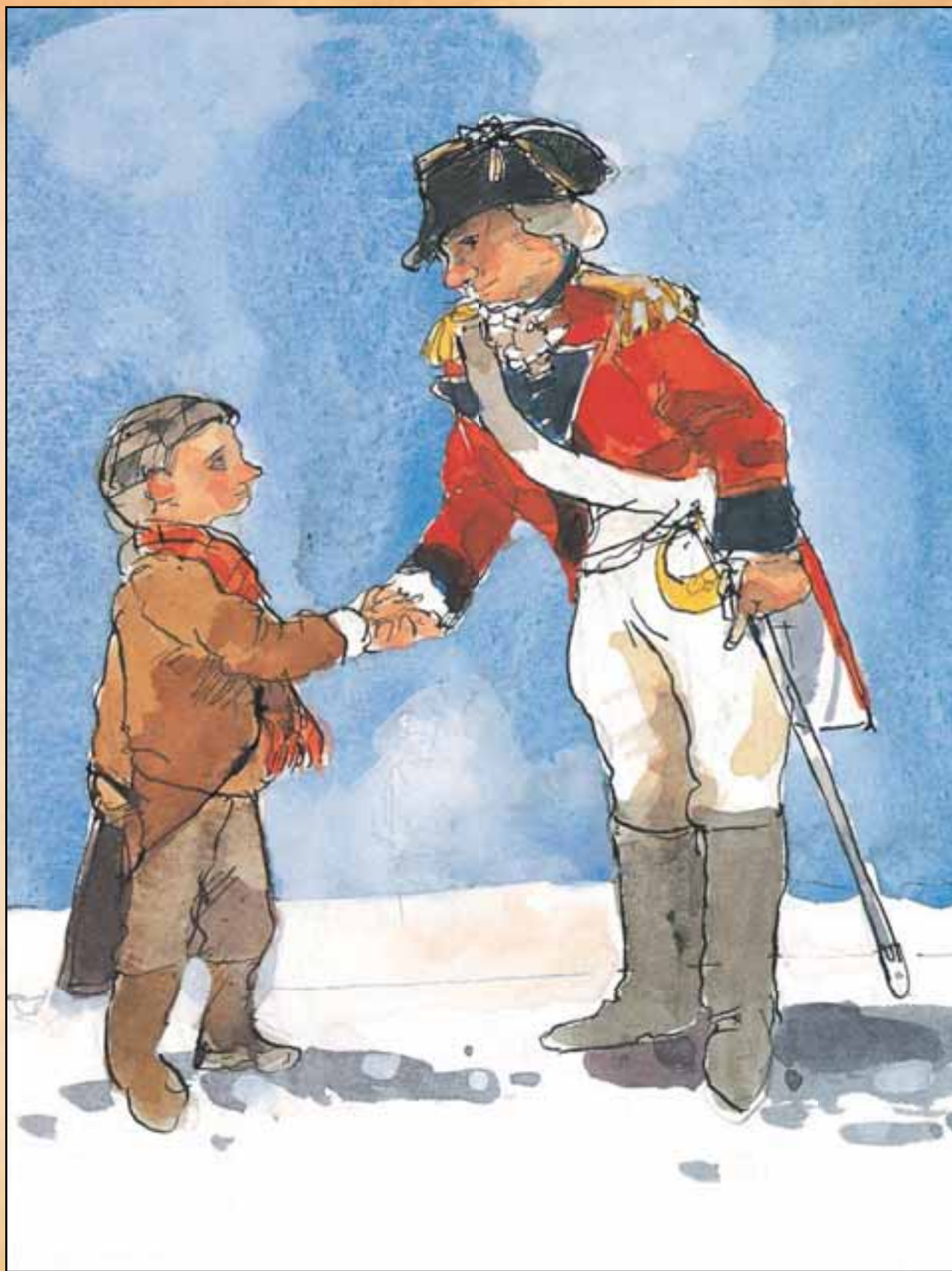
"I'm the youngest in our house," I said.

"You may be the youngest," said General Gage, "but you have the courage of a good soldier as well as the **spunk** of your local rebels." He turned swiftly on his heel to one of his officers.



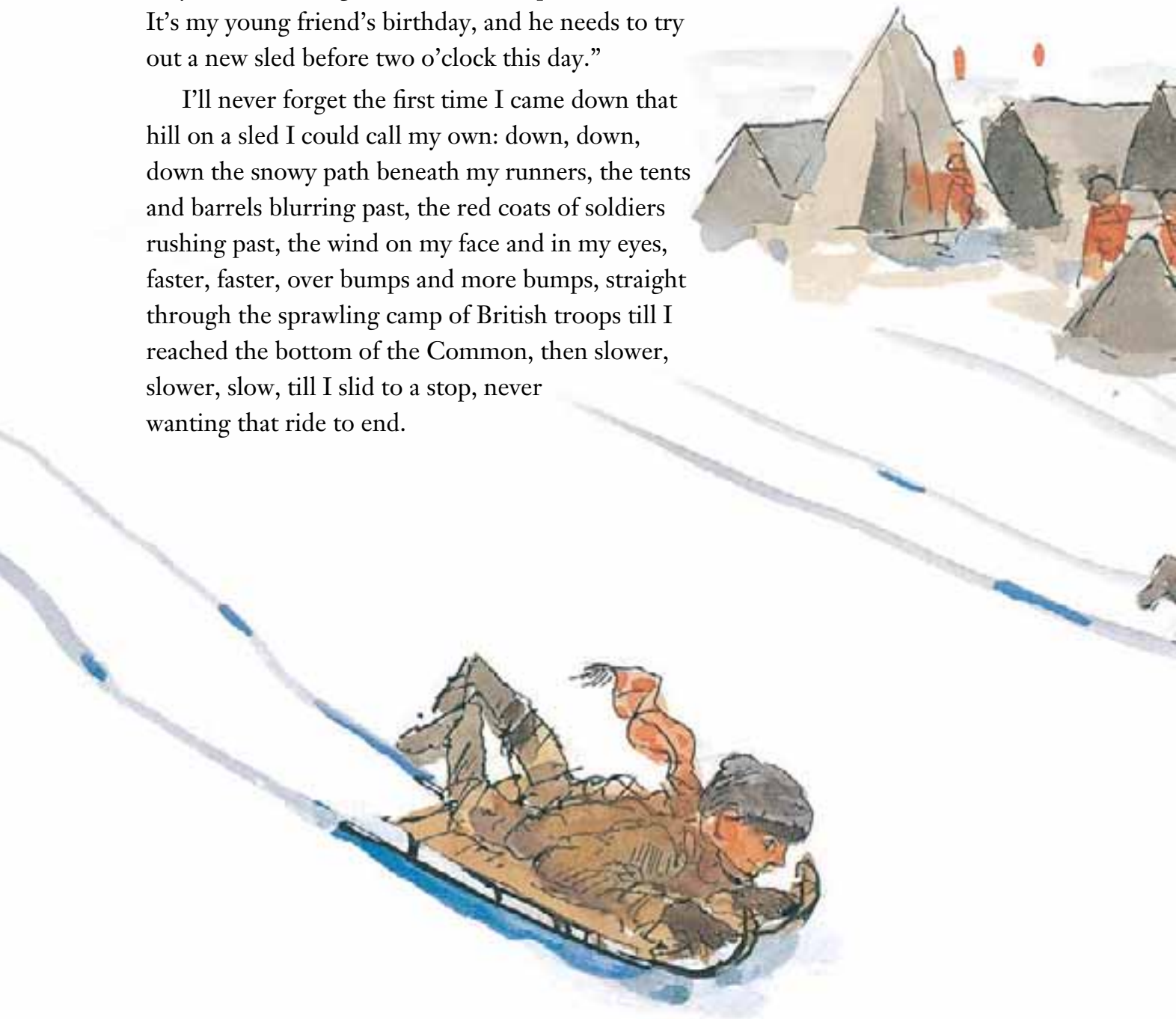
Draw Conclusions

General Gage has children of his own. How might this influence his decision to let the children sled?

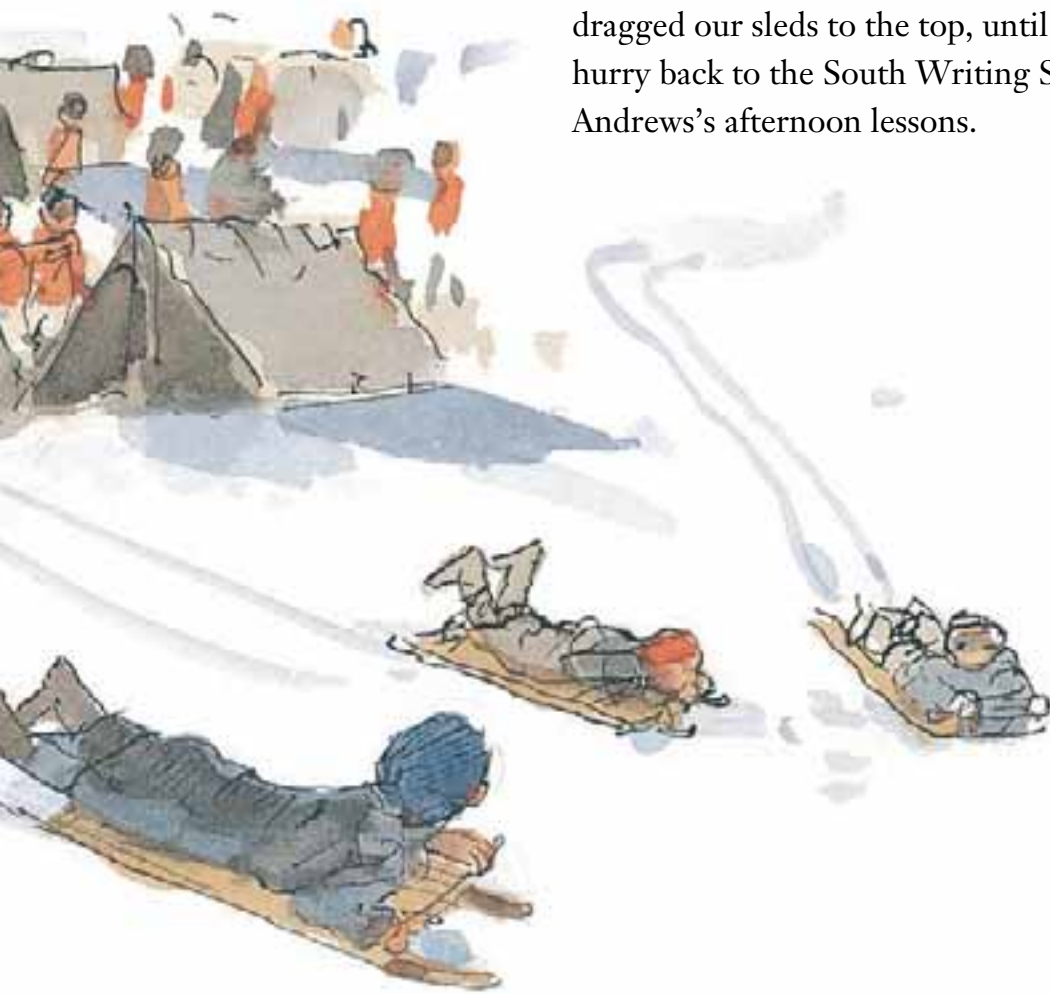


"Instruct all troops that they are to allow the town children to sled where they wish. And keep the ice unbroken in one of those ponds. Tell the men they are to clear a good run. And be quick about it. It's my young friend's birthday, and he needs to try out a new sled before two o'clock this day."

I'll never forget the first time I came down that hill on a sled I could call my own: down, down, down the snowy path beneath my runners, the tents and barrels blurring past, the red coats of soldiers rushing past, the wind on my face and in my eyes, faster, faster, over bumps and more bumps, straight through the sprawling camp of British troops till I reached the bottom of the Common, then slower, slower, slow, till I slid to a stop, never wanting that ride to end.



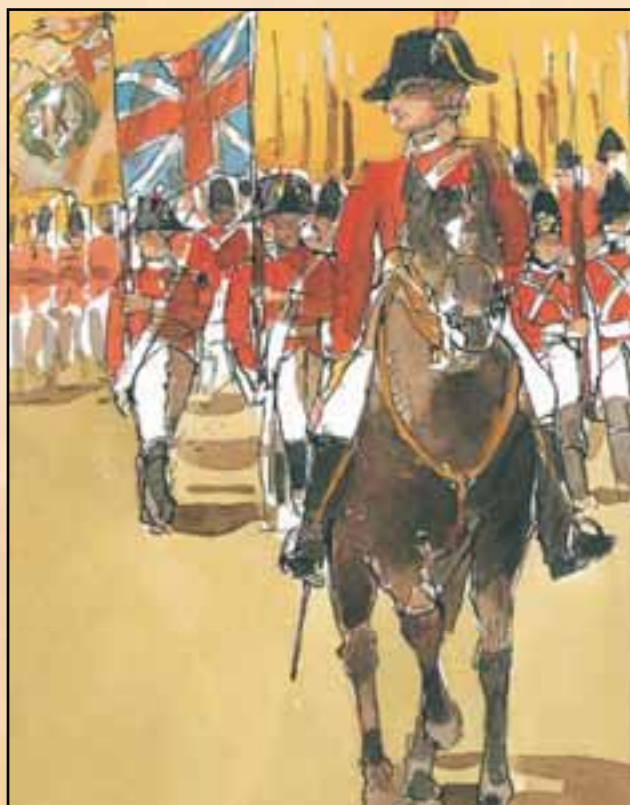
Again and again, my brothers and my sister and I sledded down the best hill in Boston and then dragged our sleds to the top, until it was time to hurry back to the South Writing School for Mr. Andrews's afternoon lessons.

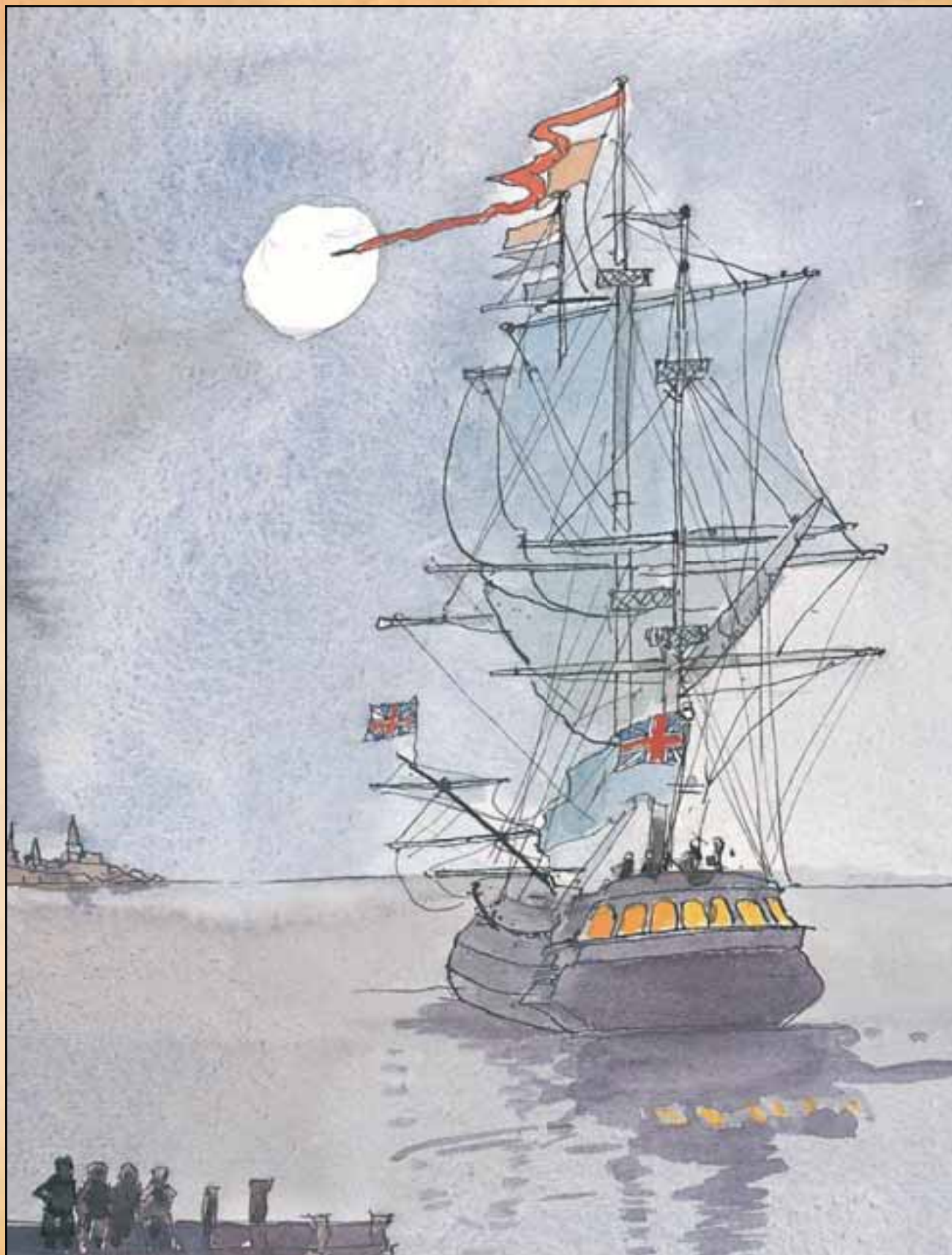


And from December 22 on, Colin and Ben and Kate and I had other days of good sledding on the Common. And skating, too. Because General Thomas Gage was a man of his word.

Spring came, and in April of 1775, the War for Independence began after General Gage ordered his troops to Lexington and Concord. Our new country was at war, and the lobster backs in our town would soon be under siege. The next October, the good folk of Boston were glad when King George sent orders for his top general to return to England. Thomas Gage was the last royal governor of a colony that wanted to choose its own.

On the night that his ship left Boston Harbor and set sail for England, I stood on Long Wharf with my brothers and Kate. We were Americans now, my family and I. We were Boston patriots hoping to win a war against a king. But we'd never forget the tall British general that we'd met on my birthday. General Gage had given us back a pond and our sled runs on Boston Common because he had children of his own. Indeed, he was a good man.





Go Back in Time with Louise Borden & Robert Andrew Parker

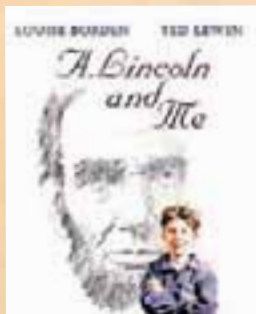


Louise Borden's stories often start with a compelling image. She found the idea for this story while reading a magazine article about children wanting to sled on Boston Common during the Revolutionary War. Louise followed that lead and tracked down the story. She even corresponded with people in England about General Gage.

Robert Andrew Parker lives in an old house in a valley surrounded by wooded hills. Inside the house he keeps his collection of miniature soldiers, which inspired him to create the images for Louise's book. His studio is out back, next to a garden. It holds his paintings, and a six-foot model airplane he built. When he is not working on a painting or illustration, he can be found tubing down the river that runs in front of his house.



Another book by Louise Borden:
A. Lincoln and Me



Author's Purpose

Do you think the author wrote this selection only to inform readers about the events that took place in Boston in the winter of 1774? Explain.



Find out more about Louise Borden and Robert Andrew Parker at www.macmillanmh.com



Comprehension Check



Summarize

Use your Conclusions Chart to help you summarize *Sleds on Boston Common* in your own words.

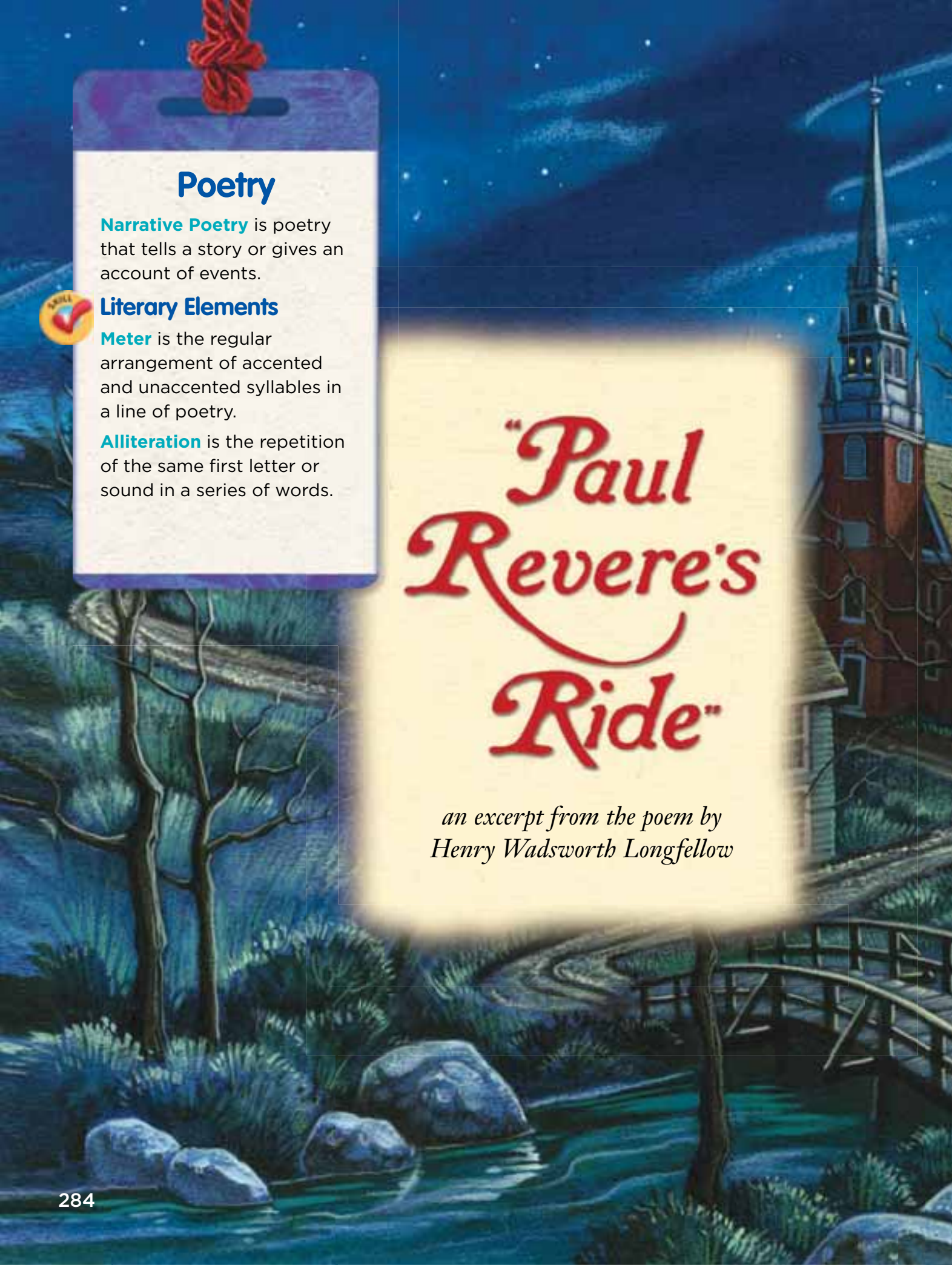
Text Clues	Conclusion

Think and Compare



1. Draw a conclusion about General Thomas Gage's abilities as a leader. Explain why your conclusion is logical. **Make Inferences and Analyze: Draw Conclusions**
2. Reread the first paragraph on page 266. How did the closing of Boston Harbor affect Henry and his family? Use details from the story in your answer. **Analyze**
3. Pretend you were one of many **patriots** who had been listening carefully as you walked through the soldiers' camp on Boston Common. What might you have seen and heard? **Evaluate**
4. As Henry finds out, first impressions about others can be misleading or inaccurate. Do you agree with this statement? Why or why not? Explain your answer. **Analyze**
5. Reread "Letters from the Revolution" on pages 262–263. Which letter would Henry and his family agree with? Why? Use evidence from both selections to support your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**





Poetry

Narrative Poetry is poetry that tells a story or gives an account of events.



Literary Elements

Meter is the regular arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables in a line of poetry.

Alliteration is the repetition of the same first letter or sound in a series of words.

"Paul Revere's Ride"

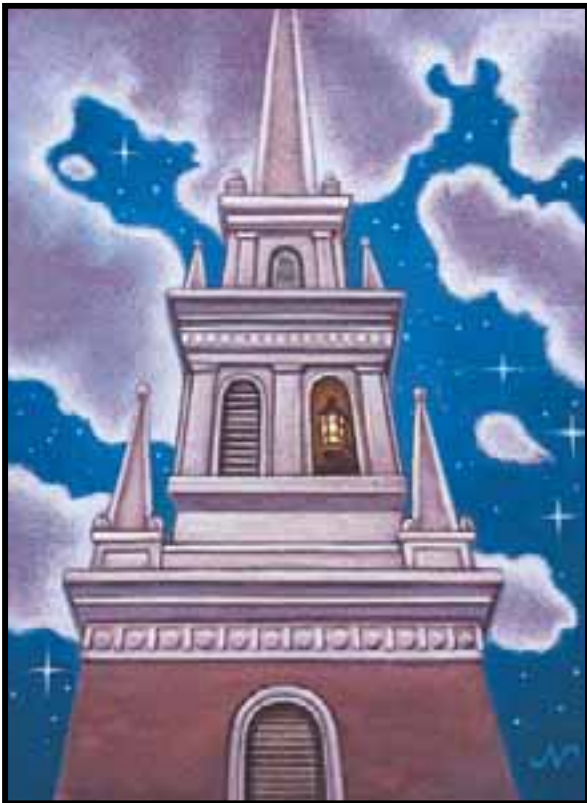
*an excerpt from the poem by
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Paul Revere was a hero of the American Revolution. With two other patriots, he rode across the countryside to warn the colonists of a British attack.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea:
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

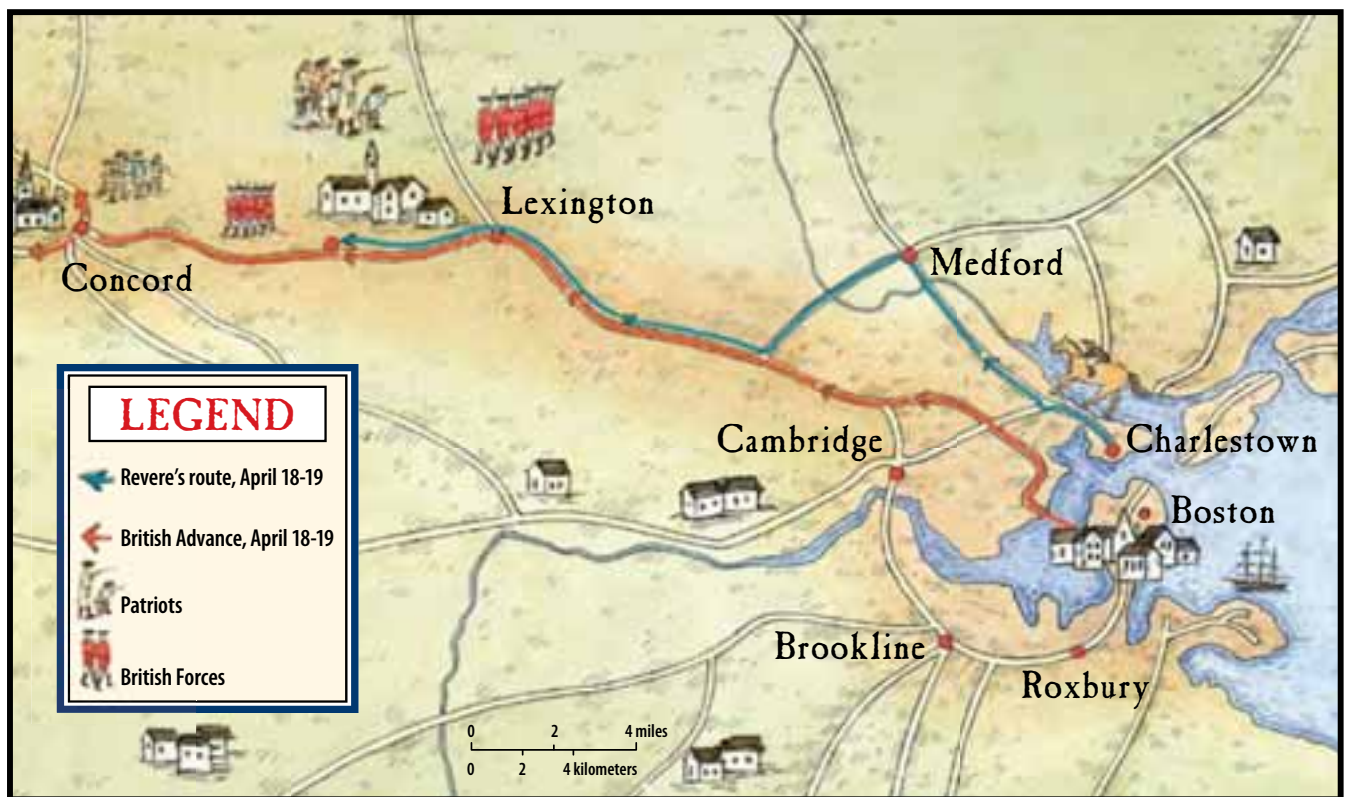


The repetition of the initial "w" and "e" sounds in this line are examples of *alliteration*.



There are four accented syllables in this line. The arrangement of these syllables with unaccented syllables is an example of *meter*.

Then he climbed to the tower of
 Old North Church
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the somber rafters, that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all. . . .
 You know the rest in the books you have read
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.
 So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.



The first battle between the patriots and the British took place at Lexington. They fought again at Concord.

Connect and Compare



1. What is another example of alliteration in this poem? **Alliteration**
2. Read the poem aloud. How might the meter help you memorize the poem? **Analyze**
3. Compare this poem with *Sleds on Boston Common*. In both the poem and the story, the authors describe the British. How are the descriptions similar? How are they different?

Reading/Writing Across Texts



Find out more about narrative poetry at www.macmillanmh.com



Writer's Craft

A Good Topic

To choose a **good topic**, first think about what interests you. Then narrow the focus so you can cover the topic completely.

I narrowed the focus to be about my character's own thoughts about one incident.

I tried to show how General Gage felt about Henry's request.

Write About a Character

Sledding Can Bring People Together

by Louisa P.

Today the most remarkable thing happened. I was doing my job supervising Boston Common when a brave young boy approached me. He asked my permission to sled on the nearby hills. All my troops were stationed there. I had a big decision to make. Should I allow the boy to sled or not?

Memories of my own children flashed before my eyes. How much they too would enjoy sledding on the Common if they had a chance. My heart felt tender towards the young lad. He saw his favorite sledding spot occupied by troops on his birthday. If I said yes, I would make his special day even more extraordinary.

My officer was standing by to see how I would react to this strange request. He probably could not understand why I was being so gracious. I figured it was a small kindness. Even during a time of war it is easy enough to do an act of peace.



Your Turn

Write a brief character sketch from a first-person point of view. You may base your character on somebody you know, or choose a character from a book, movie, or TV show. Choose words that express the character's personality and feelings. Use the writer's checklist to check your writing.



Writer's Checklist

- ☐ **Ideas and Content:** Did I choose a **good topic** and narrow the focus to include the most interesting details about my character?
- ☒ **Organization:** Does the sequence of ideas make sense?
- ☒ **Voice:** Does the first-person point of view express my character's feelings and thoughts?
- ☒ **Word Choice:** Do the words reveal my character's personality?
- ☒ **Sentence Fluency:** Do the sentences match the way the character would speak?
- ☒ **Conventions:** Do my subjects and verbs agree? Did I check my spelling?